

Loup and Daring Scout. Father Laval knelt beside the body of his young companion; tears dimmed his eyes, and the voice of prayer, which arose from his lips for the departed spirit, came broken with sighs and indistinct with grief. Torches of blazing pine, placed by the silent Hurons at the head and feet of the dead, were sending up their bright flame, capped with dark clouds of smoke—fit emblem of the life of man. Around knelt the Christian warriors, mingling their prayers with those of the priest of God. The countenances of the Huron braves were stern and solemn; no other mark of grief appeared upon them. Kneeling at the feet of the departed were Le Loup and Watook, and behind them the stern scout. As he looked upon the pale features of the novice, a tear stole silently down his hard and weather-beaten face, and clung amid the scarred wrinkles until it mingled with the air, and arose to heaven, carrying with it, like perfume, to the skies the unspoken prayer of the melting heart. L’Espion Hardi was thinking of the gallant son whom he had thus buried in the forest. A hand touched him